

## The Doctor's Dilemma

By Hesba Stretton

## CHAPTER XXII.—(Continued.)

That same evening I received a note, desiring me to go and see him immediately. He was looking brighter and better than in the morning, and an old smile played now and then about his face as he talked to me, after having desired Mrs. Foster to leave us alone together.

"Mark," he said, "I have not the slightest reason to doubt Olivia's death, except your own opinion to the contrary, which is founded upon reasons of which I know nothing. But acting on the supposition that she may be still alive, I am quite willing to enter into negotiations with her. I suppose it must be through you."

"It must," I answered, "and it cannot be at present. You will have to wait for some months, perhaps, whilst I pursue my search for her. I do not know where she is any more than you do."

A vivid gleam crossed his face at these words, but whether of incredulity or satisfaction I could not tell.

"But suppose I die in the meantime?" he objected.

"I do not know that I might not leave you in your present position," I said at last; "it may be I am acting from an over-strained sense of duty. But if you will give me a formal document, procured from yourself, I am willing to advance the funds necessary to remove you to purer air, and more open quarters than these. A deed of separation, which both of you must sign, can be drawn up, and receive your signature. There will be no doubt as to getting her, when we find her. But that may be some months hence, as I said. Still I will run the risk."

"For her sake?" he said, with a sneer. "For her sake, simply," I answered; "I will employ a lawyer to draw up the deed, and as soon as you sign it I will advance the money you require. My treatment of your disease shall begin at once; that falls under my duty as your doctor; but I warn you that fresh air and freedom from agitation are almost, if not positively, essential to its success. The sooner you secure these for yourself, the better your chance."

Some further conversation passed between us, as to the stipulations to be insisted upon, and the division of the yearly income from Olivia's property, for I would not agree to her alienating any portion of it. Foster wished to drive a hard bargain, still with that old smile on his face; and it was after much discussion that we came to an agreement. I had the deed drawn up by a lawyer, who warned me that if Foster sued for a restitution of his rights they would be enforced. But I hoped that when Olivia was found she would have some evidence in her own favor, which would deter him from carrying the case into court. The deed was signed by Foster, and left in my charge till Olivia's signature could be obtained.

As soon as the deed was secured, I had my patient removed from Bellinger street to some apartments in Fulham, near to Dr. Senior, whose interest in the case was now almost equal to my own. Here I could visit him every day. Never had any sufferer, under the highest and wealthiest ranks, greater care and science expended upon him than Richard Foster.

The progress of his recovery was slow, but it was sure. I felt that it would be so from the first. Day by day I watched the pallid hue of sickness upon his face changing into a more natural tone. I saw his strength coming back by slight but steady degrees. The malady was forced to retreat into its most hidden citadel, where it might lurk as a prisoner, but not dwell as a destroyer, for many years to come.

There was no triumph to me in this, as there would have been had my patient been any one else. The cure aroused much interest among my colleagues, and made my name more known. But what was that to me? As long as this man lived, Olivia was doomed to a lonely and friendless life. I tried to look into the future for her, and saw it stretch out into long, dreary years. I wondered where she would find a home. Could I persuade Johanna to receive her into her pleasant dwelling, which would become so lonely to her when Captain Carey had moved into Julia's house in St. Peter's? That was the best plan I could form.

**CHAPTER XXIII.**

Julia's marriage arrangements were going on speedily. There was something ironical to me in the chance that made me so often the witness of them. We were so merely cousins again, that she discussed her purchases and displayed them before me, as if there had never been any notion between us of keeping house together. Once more I assisted in the choice of a wedding dress, for the one made a year before was said to be yellow and old-fashioned. But this time Julia did not insist upon having white satin. A dainty tint of grey was considered more suitable. Captain Carey enjoyed the purchase with the rapture I had failed to experience.

The wedding was fixed to take place the last week in July, a fortnight earlier than the time when I was to write a fortnight earlier than the date I was looking forward to most anxiously, when, if ever, news would reach Tardif from Olivia.

Dr. Senior had agreed with me that Foster was sufficiently advanced on the road to recovery to be removed from Fulham to the better air of the south coast. We required Mrs. Foster to write carefully, three times a week, every variation she might observe in his health. After that we started them off to a quiet village in Sussex. I breathed more freely when they were out of my daily sphere of duty.

But before they went a hint of treachery reached me, which put me doubly on my guard. One morning, when Jack and I were at breakfast, Simmons, the cabby, was announced. He was a favorite with Jack, who had the servant show him in.

"Nothing amiss with your wife or her brats, I hope?" said Jack.

"No, Dr. John," he answered, "there ain't anything amiss with them, except being too many of 'em p'raps, and my old woman won't own to that. But there's something in the wind as concerns Dr. Dobry, so I thought I'd better come and give you a hint of it."

"Very good, Simmons," said Jack.

"You recollect taking my cab to Gray's Inn Road about this time last year, when I showed up so green, don't you?" he asked.

"To be sure," I said.

"Well, doctors," he continued, "the very last Monday evening was a day when I slowly along the stand, eying us all very hard, but taking no heed of any of 'em, till she catches sight of me. The lady comes along very slowly—she looks hard at me—she nods her head, as though she

said, 'You, and your cab, and your horse are what I'm on the lookout for,' and I got down, opens the door, and sees her in quite comfortable. Says she, 'Drive me to Messrs. Scott and Brown, in Gray's Inn Road.'

"No!" I ejaculated.

"Yes, doctors," replied Simmons. "Drive me," she says, to Messrs. Scott and Brown, in Gray's Inn Road. Of course I knew the name again. I was vexed enough the last time I were there, at showing myself so green. I looks hard at her. A very fine make of a woman, with hair and eyes as black as coals, and a impudent look on her face somehow. She told me to wait for her in the street; and directly after she goes in there comes down the gent I had seen before, with a pen behind his ear. He looks very hard at me, and me at him. Says he, 'I think I have seen your face before, my man. Very civil; as civil as an orange, as folks say. I think you have.' I says, 'Could you step upstairs for a minute or two?' says he, very polite. 'I'll find a boy to take charge of your horse.' And he slips a half-crown into my hand, quite pleasant."

"So you went in, of course?" said Jack.

"Doctors," he answered solemnly, "I did go in. There's nothing to be said against that. The lady is sitting in an office upstairs, talking to another gent, with hair and eyes like hers, as black as coals, and the same look of brass on his face. All three of 'em looked a little under the weather. 'What's your name, my man?' asked the black gent. 'Waler,' I says. 'And where do you live?' he says, taking me serious. 'In Queer street,' I says, with a little wink to show 'em I were up to a trick or two. They all three looked a little among themselves, but not in a pleasant sort of way. Then the gent begins again. 'My good fellow,' he says, 'we want you to give us a little information that 'ud be of use to us, and we are willing to pay you handsome for it. It can't do you any harm, nor nobody else, for it's only a matter of business. You're not above taking ten shillings for a bit of useful information?' 'Not by no manner of means,' I says. 'Go on,' I said impatiently.

"Dear Doctor and Friend—This day I

received a letter from man'selle; quite a little letter with only a few lines in it. She says, 'Come to be. My husband has found me; he is here. I have no friends but you and one other, and I cannot send for him. You said you would come to me whenever I wanted you. I have not time to write more. I am in a little village called Villen-bois, between Granville and Noleau. Come to the house of the cure; I am there.'

"Behold, I am gone, dear monsieur. I write this in my boat, for we are crossing to Jersey to catch the steamboat to Granville. To-morrow evening I shall be in Villen-bois. Will you learn the law of France about this affair? They say the code binds a woman to follow her husband wherever he goes. At London you can learn anything. Believe me, I will protect man'selle, or I should say madame, at the loss of my life. You devoted TAIDIF."

"I must go," I exclaimed, about to rush out of the house.

"Where?" cried Jack.

"To Olivia," I answered; "that villain, that scoundrel has hunted her out in Normandy. Read that, Jack. Let me go."

"Stay!" he said; "there is no chance whatever of going so late as this. Let us think for a few minutes."

But at that moment a furious peal of the bell rang through the house. We both ran into the hall. The servant had just opened the door, and a telegraph clerk stood on the steps, with a telegram, which he thrust into his hands. It was directed to me. I tore it open.

"From Jean Grimoit, Granville, to Dr. Dobry, Queer street, London. I did not know any Jean Grimoit of Granville; it was the name of a stranger to me. A message was written underneath in Norman patois, but so misapprehended and garbled in its transmission that I could not make out the sense of it. The only words I was sure about were 'man'selle,' 'Foster,' and 'a legation.' Who was on the post of death I could not tell. (To be continued.)

**Talkington's House to Disappear.**

Yet another famous house has to make way for street improvements. It is the mansion in Lincoln's-inn-fields adjoining Sardinia street, and was built from the designs of Inigo Jones for the Earl of Lindsey. The right-hand room on the first floor of the house was chosen by Dickens for the scene of the assassination of Mr. Talkington, Sir Leicester Dedlock's lawyer, in "Bleak House." Already, however, the painted ceiling, with the Roman soldier pointing his truncheon to the body of the dead solicitor, has disappeared under a coat of whitewash, wickedly applied a few years ago.—London Globe.

**His Words Indorsed.**

It was the worst domestic storm they had ever encountered. "You don't deserve even hanging," he said as he left the house. "I deserve it better than you do!" she sent after him as a parting shot.—Philadelphia Times.

tical with that of the medical certificate which had accompanied the letter.

"Leave this note with me, Simmons," I said, giving him half a crown in exchange for it. I was satisfied now that the papers had been forged, but not with Olivia's complicity. Was Foster himself a party to it? Or had Mrs. Foster, alone, with the aid of these friends or relatives of hers, plotted and carried out the scheme, leaving him in ignorance and doubt like my own?

I crossed in the mail steamer to Guernsey, on a Monday night, and the wedding was to take place at an early hour on Wednesday morning, in time for Captain Carey and Julia to catch the boat to England. The ceremony was to be solemnized at seven. Under these circumstances there could be no formal wedding breakfast, a matter not much to be regretted. Captain Carey and I were standing at the altar of the old church some minutes before the bridal procession appeared. He looked pale, but wound up to a high pitch of resolute courage. The church was nearly full of eager spectators, all of whom I had known from my childhood. Far back, half sheltered by a pillar, I saw the white head and handsome face of my father, with Kate Daltry by his side. At length Julia appeared, pale like the bridegroom, but dignified and prepossessing. She did not glance at me; she evidently gave no thought to me. That was well, and as it should be.

Yet there was a pang in it for me. I should have liked her to glance once at me, with a troubled and dimmed eye. As I wrote my name below hers in the register. But there was nothing of the kind. She gave me the kiss, which I demanded as her cousin Martin, without embarrassment, and after that she put her hand again upon the bridegroom's arm and marched off with him to the carriage.

A whole host of us accompanied the bridal pair to the pier, and saw them start off on their wedding trip, with a pyramid of bouquets before them on the deck of the steamer. We ran round to the lighthouse, and waved our hats and handkerchiefs as long as they were in sight. That duty done, the rest of the day was our own.

It was almost midnight the next day when I reached Brook street, where I found Jack expecting my return. A letter was waiting for me, directed in queer, crabbed handwriting, and posted in Jersey a week before.

It had been so long on the road in consequence of the bad penmanship of the address. I opened it curiously as I answered Jack's first inquiry; but the instant I saw the signature I held up my hand to silence him. It was from Tardif. This is a translation:

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received a letter from man'selle; quite a little letter with only a few lines in it. She says, 'Come to be. My husband has found me; he is here. I have no friends but you and one other, and I cannot send for him. You said you would come to me whenever I wanted you. I have not time to write more. I am in a little village called Villen-bois, between Granville and Noleau. Come to the house of the cure; I am there.'

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## OLDEST MEMBER OF THE W. R. C.

Mrs. Maria Lowndes Allen, or "Grandma Allen," of Elyria, Ohio, the oldest member of the Women's Relief Corps, recently celebrated her ninety-ninth birthday.

Mrs. Allen joined the Elyria corps when she was 63, her name being the first on the charter, the post and corps being named in honor of her gallant son, who served in the Civil War. She sent three boys to the front—William, the eldest, who served on the frigates Savannah and Ohio during the Mexican war; also on the U. S. S. Fort Jackson as quartermaster during the rebellion; Capt. Richard Allen, Company I, Eighth U. S. I., who was wounded at the battle of Fredericksburg, Dec. 13, 1862, and died the following January at Douglas Hospital, Washington, and Lieut. James Allen, who served three years in Company H, One hundred and third Ohio Volunteer Infantry.

Mrs. Allen made wines, jellies and beddies—in brief, everything within her power for the comfort of the boys who stood by the flag and upheld the Union. During the Spanish war her only regret was the fact that she had



MRS. M. L. ALLEN.

no boys to send to average the blowing up of the Maine.

Mrs. Allen is one of the earliest settlers in Ohio, having taken the overland trip from New Jersey with her husband and five sons in 1832. Their conveyance was a canvas topped lumber wagon without springs, and in the long, wearisome journey they were obliged to camp during two blizzards. The five boys grew to manhood, went to sea and doubled Cape Horn.

Mrs. Allen has lived in Elyria 67 years and her dearest wish is to live to celebrate her one hundredth birthday. For several years the city has done her honor, the Women's Relief Corps calling in a body on her birthdays and presenting her with gifts.

## Railway Building in 1901.

In forty-three States and Territories there will be built new railways and railway extensions this year. Contracts already made show that about 8,900 miles will be constructed, or enough to more than reach through the earth. This means about 600 miles more than was built last year.

The least building, which will be almost none, is in Maine, New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Rhode Island and Connecticut, with Nevada, in the West, for company, while most of the construction will be in the South and Middle West. A remarkable feature of this new building is the great number of lines with little mileage, the average length being only about forty miles.

In work now under way Texas leads, with 793 miles on thirteen lines; then comes Oklahoma and Indian Territory, with 612 miles on nine lines; Georgia, 600 miles on nine lines; Pennsylvania, 300 miles on seventeen lines; New Mexico, 230 miles on two lines; Illinois, 224 miles on four lines; Arkansas, 198 miles on nine lines; Louisiana, 175 miles on four lines; Minnesota, 165 miles on five lines; and Washington, 165 miles on five lines.

For work in many other States contracts are already signed. In the six New England States the reports show three small lines under way, aggregating only thirty-eight miles.

## Lord Strathcona.

Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal is the object of bitter attacks from prominent members of the Canadian colony in London, whose desire it is to dislodge the old financier from the post of high commissioner of Canada, the richest of King Edward's subjects in the Dominion. Lord Strathcona occupies numerous offices of honor and of real power. He is chancellor of McGill University, resident governor of the Hudson Bay Company, president of the Bank of Montreal, and a director of the St. Paul, Minneapolis and Manitoba and of the Great Northern Railroad. When he landed on this side of the Atlantic he was a poor lad. Now his home in Montreal is one of the city's show palaces.

**Explanation.**

"Do you really believe in the ability to think away any physical ailment?" "I do," answered the faith cure.

"How about that blow with a hammer you received on the head? It laid you up for six weeks."

"Yes; but it knocked me senseless. I couldn't do any thinking before the trouble got too much headway."—Washington Star.

**Revolutionary War Claim.**

A Revolutionary War claim for \$400, the special value of which was \$40.00, contracted under the act of 1770, has recently been liquidated by the Treasury Department. The interest and principal amounted to \$12,006.20.

**Phenomenal.**

"We have the most wonderful cook you ever saw. You know, we only engaged her as a plain cook."

"Yes?"

"Well, she makes good bread."—Town and Country.

## MILIONAIRE MARRIED A SALESWOMAN.

T. Ernest Cramer, a St. Louis millionaire, fell in love with Angelina Le Prohn, saleswoman in a San Francisco art gallery. He was married, but did not live with his wife. A divorce was



ANGELINA LE PROHN.

granted, and Cramer hurried to California. Rev. H. H. Bell refused to marry Cramer and Miss Prohn because California laws prohibit a divorced person from marrying within a year after the granting of the decree. Mr. Cramer was not to be balked, however. He consulted with Miss Prohn, with the result that a trip to Reno, Nev., was made, and there the couple were married. Mr. Cramer is a famous photographer and one of the big financial men of St. Louis.

## HISTORIC HOUSE.

Once Washington's Headquarters, Purchased by New York City.

New York City has acquired the Jumel Mansion, one of the last remaining houses in the metropolis used by Gen. Washington. It was through the efforts of Robert H. Roosevelt, on behalf of the Sons of the American Revolution; Senator Chauncey M. Depew, Walter S. Logan and Edward Hagaman Hall, secretary of several patriotic organizations, that the resolution to purchase the property for \$150,000 was passed by the board of public improvements.

The mansion is located at One Hundred and Sixtieth street and the Harlem river, and its general appearance is the same to-day as it was in the days of the Revolutionary War, when Washington and his staff lived there, or as it looked in 1800, when Stephen Jumel, a rich French merchant, bought it. Jumel died in the house, but his widow remained there, and when, late in life, she was married to Aaron Burr,



THE JUMEL MANSION.

they lived in the old colonial house. She died there in 1865. After her death the property became the subject of much legal wrangling between French and American claimants, and in 1882 the Supreme Court ordered it sold. After this partition sale it passed through several purchases, and when it was acquired by the city it was owned by Little J. Earle.

The house itself is in a fair state of preservation, and although it has been repaired, "fixed up" and changed since it was built, in 1758, by Roger Morris, it still has many of the original decorations and trimmings. When Morris built the house he was a colonel in the British army, stationed in New York. He occupied the grand mansion until 1776. Then it was abandoned, and when Washington's forces were stationed in that part of the State the house furnished shelter for some of the continental troops, while at several times between June and the middle of October, 1776, it was occupied by Washington as his headquarters.

## School Lunches in France.

In the rural districts of France the school is often so far away that the children cannot go home to meals. At Confolens in La Charente, a novel way has been found to meet the latter difficulty. Every pupil, boy or girl, brings to school in the morning a handful of vegetables, ready prepared for cooking, and puts them into a large pan of water. They are washed by one of the older pupils, who take this duty in turn. They are then placed in a kettle with water and a piece of pork, and cooked while the lessons are going on. At half-past eleven the members of this little co-operative association have a good bowl of hot soup. To cover the cost of the fuel and meat, the pupils who can afford it pay from two to four sous a month. In most of the cities of France, the pupils of the public schools are now furnished with their noonday meal at "school canteens," maintained either by the municipality, or by private generosity; but this is the first attempt to carry out the same plan in the country districts, where it is more needed, as the children have farther to go.

## Private Cars.

Any man who is reasonably well to do may own a private car built according to his own specifications. A car-renting company in New York City buys old Pullman coaches, tears the inside furnishings out and refits them according to the wishes of its customers. Whatever kind of private car a man may wish he may order—parlors, hand-somely carpeted sitting-rooms, dining rooms—all with equipment more or less perfect according to the price. And cars are refitted in this way and sold for prices varying from fifteen hundred to fifteen thousand dollars. Very handsome and serviceable cars have been built from the old "castaways," and the man of moderate means can travel privately and comfortably in a home of his own.

## Seeking Rest.

Mrs. Naggsby—Why don't you spend your nights at home? I always do.

Naggsby—Perhaps, my dear, that accounts for it.—Judge.



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## September Vacation Rates

Madison, Milwaukee and Waukesha, \$4.00; Devil's Lake, \$4.95; Forest Lake, \$5.00; Green Lake, \$5.15; Neenah, \$5.35; Colorado and The Black Hills, \$25.00; Utah, \$40.00; Marquette, \$10.85; Gogebic Lake, \$10.95. Half rates (round-trip) to tourist and fishing resorts in Wisconsin and Michigan; minimum rate \$4.00. These round-trip tickets sold from Chicago Sept. 1-10; limit Oct. 31. San Francisco, Los Angeles and return, \$50.00. Tickets sold Sept. 19-27; limit Nov. 15.

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